

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clor. Thou Villaine base,
Knowst me not by my Cloathes?

Gwi. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clor. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gwi. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clor. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gwi. What's thy name?

Clor. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gwi. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
I would moue me sooner.

Clor. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to th' Queene.

Gwi. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clor. Art not afeard?

Gwi. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clor. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:

And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:

Yeeld *Rufficke Mountaineer*. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arui. In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being feare made vp,

I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gwi. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gwi. I am perfect what: cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand hee'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Gwi. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Nor absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Hee'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arui. Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidels* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gwi. With his owne Sword,

Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:

Would *(Polidore)* thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arui. Would I had done't:

So the Reuenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger:
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidels* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arui. Poore sick *Fidels*.

Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'd let a parish of such *Cloten's* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchas'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had bene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gwi. Where's my Brother?

I haue sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embasse: to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne. *Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds; but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.

Gwi. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gwi. What does he meane?

Since death of my deer'st Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Isollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.*

Bel. Look, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arui. The Bird is dead

That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteen yeares of Age, to sixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this.

Gwi. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gwi. Where?

Arui. O ch'floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gwi. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With fayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidels*,
Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke wold
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mofse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse—

Gwi. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To th' graue.

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gwi. By good *Enrhipile*, our Mother.

Arui. Bec't so:

And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to th' ground:
As once to our Mother: vfe like note, and words,
Saue that *Enrhipile*, must be *Fidels*.

Gwi. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee:
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanics that lye.

Arui. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gwi. Pray you fetch him hither,

Thersites body is as good as *Anax*.

When neither are aliue.

Arui. If you'll go fetch him,

Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gwi. Nay *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gwi. Come on then, and remoue him.

Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages:
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o' th' Great,
Thou art past the Tirans stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash,

Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gwi. Feare not Slander, Censure rash,

Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

Both. All Loner's young, all Loner's must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbear thee.

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gwi. We haue done our obsequies:

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:

The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o' th' night

Are strewings fit't for Graues: vpon their Faces,

You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so

These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.

Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:

The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:

Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine. *Exeunt.*

b b b

Imogen